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Select Poetry.

TOO POOR TO PAY.

We were so poor when baby died,
And mother stitched his shroud,
The others in their hunger cried,
With sorrow wild and loud;
We were so poor we could not pay
The man to carry him away.

I see it still before my eyes—
It lies upon the bed,
And mother whispered through her sighs—
"The little boy is dead."
A little box of common pine
His coffin was—and may be mine!

We were too poor to hire a hearse,
We couldn't get a pall,
And when we drove him to the grave,
A wagon held us all.
'Twas I who drove the horse, and I
Who told my mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,
And felt so lone and drear,
And oft our tears came trickling down,
Because no friends were near.
The folks were strangers, selfish men,
Who hadn't lost a baby then.

We reached the grave, and laid him there,
With all the dead around,
There was no priest to say a prayer,
And bless the holy ground.
So home we went with grief and pain;
But home was never home again!

And there he sleeps, without a stone
To mark the sacred spot,
But though, to all the world unknown,
By us 't is ne'er forgot,
We mean to raise a stone some day,
But now we are too poor to pay.

WHAT MISS PRY DISCOVERED.

"MY dear," said Miss Patty Pry
"I'm morally certain that some
thing is wrong!"

Little Mrs. Wrinkfield looked up, and
began to flutter all over like a frightened
bird.

"Something wrong?" she repeated.—
"Oh, Miss Patty, what can possibly
be wrong?"

Mrs. Wrinkfield was a pretty little
blonde, with great surprised-looking
blue eyes, a deprecating expression of
face, and a voice soft and sweet as the
coo of a ring-dove. Miss Patty Pry was
a tall, grenadier-like female, with a sus-
picion of a beard, high cheek bones, and
elbows that wore holes through all her
dresses, so sharp and uncompromising
were they.

"My dear," said Miss Patty, lowering
her voice to a husky whisper, "it looks
suspicious! Wrinkfield is a great deal
too willing for you to go home and spend
the night with your mother."

"He thought it would be a pleasant
little change for me," asserted Mrs.
Wrinkfield eagerly.

"Exactly," snarled Miss Patty.—
"And it'll be a pleasant little change for
him too!"

"I don't understand you," said Mrs.
Wrinkfield, with a bewildered look.

"Oh, you little goose," cried Patty.—
"He's going to give a bachelor party.
He means to invite his friends and turn
your house inside out! That's his idea,
you may depend upon it. I know, for
a positive certainty, that Dollabe has
received an order for a hundred pickled
oysters, a dozen of champagne, and a
tureen of lobster salad. For to-night,
my dear, I wondered who it could pos-
sibly be for, and now I know! And
that, my dear," with fearful emphasis,
"explains your husband's kind willing-
ness to let you go to your mother's for
the night. Ah-h-h! They're all alike,
these men!"

Mrs. Wrinkfield burst into tears.

"I won't do," she cried. "I'll stay at
home."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Miss
Pry. "Pack your bag and go with the
baby. Who knows when you may again
have an opportunity? And I'll make
it my business to watch Wrinkfield."

"But how?" questioned the perplexed
young wife.

"Just give me the key of the back
stairway door," said Miss Pry. "I will
secrete myself in the china closet that
opens out of the dining-room. I'll
listen. I'll find out the secrets of the
whole tribe and generation of 'em. And
I will tell you every single word I
hear."

"But would that be honorable?" hesi-
tated Mrs. Wrinkfield.

"Honorable!" dolefully repeated Miss
Pry. "My poor dear, don't you know
that us women must avail ourselves of
every possible means of keeping even
with those tyrants, the men?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Wrinkfield,
restlessly twining and intertwining her
fingers. "But I never could have be-
lieved that Charles would treat me so."

"They're all alike," said Miss Pry.—
"And we single women are a deal bet-
ter off. I wouldn't marry, not if forty
men were to go down on their knees to
me at once! No, indeed! I value my
own independence a deal too much for
that!"

And Miss Pry tossed her head with a
sniff, half of triumph, half disdain.

Mrs. Wrinkfield gave her the key.—
She knew she was soft-hearted, easily-
deluded little thing, and she had a great
respect for Miss Patty Pry's discrimina-
tion and judgment. But her conscience
pricked her a little when Wrinkfield
tucked her up in the railway car so cosily,
and bought oranges for the baby and
little Minnie. She would have con-
fessed all if Miss Patty had not been
down there to see her off.

"I shall count every moment until you
come back, Mary," said Wrinkfield, with
a farewell kiss.

"Ah—h—h! the deceiver!" hissed
Miss Pry, on the other side.

Just about dusk Miss Pry carefully
made her way into the china closet and
crept back as much out of sight as pos-
sible to avoid being discovered by Bar-
bara, the deft little maid, as she tripped
to and fro with the table furniture.

"But it won't be long," thought Miss
Patty Pry. "The guests will soon begin
to arrive."

Barbara put coal on the grate, hung
up the hearth-brush, and withdrew. Mr.
Wrinkfield lighted his cigar, and began
to smoke and read, his slippers feet on
the fender. Miss Pry regarded him in-
tently through the crack of the door.

"Isn't he going to change his coat or
dress himself up?" she asked herself.

"Upon my word, he's taking matters
very coolly."

Seven o'clock struck—eight o'clock—
nine o'clock—ten o'clock, and still no
company arrived. Miss Pry began to
fidget fearfully in her cramped up little
den, but still Mr. Wrinkfield read com-
posedly on, turning leaf after leaf, with
a serenity which was aggravating in the
highest degree to Miss Pry.

Eleven! Mr. Wrinkfield rose, with a
prodigious yawn, turned down the gas,
and locked the china closet door on the
outside.

Then he went up stairs, thinking that
the silver was quite safe in the closet,
and little dreaming of the other valuable
that was incarcerated there.

The next morning, just as Mrs. Wrink-
field was taking in the morning paper,
little Barbara came to him:

"O, sir," said she, "I think there's
burglars in the china closet! Such a
groaning and shrieking there is there!"

"But it is locked," said Mr. Wrink-
field. "And I've got the key in my
pocket."

"Then they're locked in, sir," said
little Barbara, as pale as a sheet. "O,
sir, the noise is perfectly awful. Won't
you please come and listen for yourself,
sir?"

Mr. Wrinkfield got the revolver and
the kitchen poker, and thus armed un-
locked the closet. There, crouched up
in one corner, with a pocket handker-
chief pressed to her face, sat Miss Patty
Pry, the victim of a sharp attack of
neuralgia in the jawbone.

"Hallo!" shouted Mr. Wrinkfield,
scarcely able to believe his own eyes.

"Miss Pry!"

"I was locked in by mistake," said
Miss Pry, between the jerks of pain.
"Please let me out."

At the same moment there was a tur-
moil on the stairs—Mrs. Wrinkfield and
the babies, returning by the early train.
The little wife flew into her husband's
arms.

"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I could
not sleep for thinking I'd set spies on
you. And I'll never, never, never do it
again."

"There's been nobody here but rats
and mice and black beetles," said Miss
Patty, behind her pocket-handkerchief.
"And if I'd known you were such a
weak, poor-spirited thing, Mary Wrink-
field, I would never have offered to help
you!"

"I want no more of your help!" said
Mrs. Wrinkfield, with a spark of cour-
age. "Get a husband of your own if
you want to play the spy and eavesdrop-
per."

Miss Patty Pry went home in a rage,
and didn't speak to Mrs. Wrinkfield for
three weeks.

"To be sure," said she, "Mr. Wrink-
field didn't give a bachelor supper that
night, but it wasn't my fault! And for
Mary to be so ungrateful, too, after the
neuralgia I got in that damp closet, look-
ing after her concerns!"

While Mr. Wrinkfield's verdict is,
"Served her right."

THE CHARM DOCTOR.

DOCTOR HARRY BROOKS, the
latest accession to the medical frater-
nity of Parkerville, sat one morning
in the dingy old office of Dr. Able, who
had kindly taken him into a conditional
partnership.

An observer would have thought that
Dr. Harry, was very much absorbed in
the large leather bound volume which
lay in his lap, but such, in reality, was
not the fact. The old volume had been
taken up with the laudable intention of
study, but the young Doctor's mind was
running in a different channel, and his
thoughts properly written out would
have read something like this:

"Here, I've been a partner of old Doc-
tor Able's about six months, and in all
that time haven't had a case fit for a
charm doctor to experiment upon. Peo-
ple will insist on asking for Doctor Able,
and look at me with a fearful frown
when I dare to offer my services. Wish
I was old, gray-headed, married—Ah!
yes, perhaps that would help me into
practice, married! Wonder if I could
prevail upon sweet Kate Richmond to
bestow her hand and expectations on
such as I? I believe she loves me,
and I know I love her. But that moth-
er of Kate's; Whew!"

Rap—rap—bang! as if the door was
about to be knocked in, and Doctor Har-
ry's book rattled on the floor as he let
down the front legs of his chair.

"Come in!" he roared, somewhat in
proportion to the strength of the knock.

A bright looking Irish lad about six-
teen years of age appeared, grinning.

"Good mornin'," Doctor Brooks.

"Teddy Mileen, is that you, why did
you not come in at once?"

"Haden't time, sure; am in a burrah;
where's the ould man?"

"Gone to the country. What's up
now? Is Mrs. Richmond worse?"

"Worse is it? She'll be dead as a
mackerel in jist sixteen minutes and a
half."

"Well, Doctor Able will return in
about an hour, and I will tell him he is
wanted there."

"Better send the undertaker along wid
him," answered Teddy as he banged the
door after him and started up the street.

Doctor Brooks knew that Mrs. Rich-
mond—Kate's mother—was a hypochon-
driac and was only happy when she
could find a new doctor.

He had been sent for in haste, on his
first arrival in town, and thus began his
acquaintance with Kate. But he had
very incautiously asserted the real truth
to the afflicted mother, and she had in-
dignantly dismissed him, and forbidden
Kate to speak to him again.

However, there were many opportu-
nities of meeting Kate, unbeknown to
the old lady, and such meetings had
taken place until Harry had come to
consider himself an accepted suitor, but
poverty had prevented him from decid-
ing the matter definitely.

"Something must be done to kill time
when there are no patients at hand for
the same purpose," thought Dr. Brooks;
"and why not play business for want of
the genuine article?"

Acting on this impulse, he rang for
the stable boy, and ordered out his
horses and buggy, for he was fortunate
in the possession of those very necessary
adjuncts to his profession. When they

arrived he took up his cases, and spring-
ing into the buggy, drove furiously
through the principal part of the town,
as if a matter of life and death was at
stake.

Of course people stared, and wondered
who it could be in such need of a physi-
cian and duly canvassed the merits of the
young doctor.

At last, having done the most impor-
tant part of the town, Harry struck out
upon a pleasant country road, and once
beyond the range of the village slacken-
ed his pace, and prepared to enjoy the
bright surroundings.

A little womanly figure appeared
coming down the road, and at a glance
he knew it could be no other than the
one uppermost in his mind—Kate Rich-
mond.

"Good morning, Miss Richmond," was
his salutation, and it was returned cor-
dially.

"Taking a morning walk for your
health?" he asked.

"O, no, sir. I have been out to see
Uncle John; you know he lives about
a half a mile from town I often walk
out there on little errands for mamma."

This was an opportunity not to be lost,
and Dr. Harry used his arts of persua-
sion so well that Kate consented to take
a little ride, and so he helped her into the
buggy, and away they went.

What transpired on that eventful ride
we cannot exactly state, but certain it is
that those two came to some kind of an
understanding during the hour they
were exercising Harry's fine horses, and
at her urgent request he allowed her to
alight where he had found her, and they
returned to town by different roads.

"Katie!" called the petulant invalid.
"Yes, Ma," and Kate Richmond en-
tered the parlor where her mother sat
bundled up in a comfortable rocker.

"It is about time for me to take my
medicine, dear," she suggested.

Kate bustled around to prepare the
usual dose of strengthening cordial re-
commended so highly by old Doctor Able.

"Mamma," she said hesitatingly.

"Well, Kate, what is it?—be careful
or you will spill the medicine."

"There is a wonderful doctor coming
to town, and I am sure he can cure
you."

"Oh dear, Katie, I never shall be well
I fear, these doctors do not know my
trouble, this pain in my back, this suffo-
cating—this—"

"But mamma," interrupted Kate,
"this new doctor, Professor Mohoc, the
great Indian charm doctor, as his adver-
tisements say, can charm away disease
of all kinds, and performs wonderful
cures."

"Well, it may be beneficial to try
him," said the invalid, as if grasping at
the last straw of hope.

"Shall I have him called mamma?"

"When, dear?"

"To-morrow evening. He will arrive
in town this evening and remain a week
or more."

"As you like, Katie. O, this suffoca-
tion! my dear, Aunt Melinda was cured
of the ague by a charm. It may do me
good. We will try it."

A smile of satisfaction illuminated
Kate's face as she rearranged the wraps
around her mother and tripped lightly
out of the room.

The summer twilight was deepening
into night as a pompous, flashily dressed
and rather portly man stepped up to the
door of the Richmond palace, and rang
the bell. He had on the shiniest black
hat, and wearing a heavy, gold-headed
cane, and altogether assumed an air ex-
ceedingly professional.

His face was covered by a heavy black
beard, and the tawny hue of his skin in-
dicated foreign birth.

It was the renowned Doctor Mohoc,
the great Indian charm doctor, and he
was soon admitted by Kate Richmond
and ushered into the presence of the in-
valid.

"Good evening," was his greeting, with
a foreign accent, and laying aside hat
and cane, he approached the invalid,
wasting no time in useless talk.

Taking her wrist between his thumb
and fingers, he pulled out a handsome
gold watch and timed her pulse.

"Let me see tongue," imperatively.

The invalid exhibited that important
member.

"Where pain—here?" and roughly he
dug his thumb into her side.

"Oh! dear me, doctor you will kill

me!" screamed the invalid, fairly jump-
ing under his rough inspection.

"Madame," eyeing her pityingly.

"You haf called me jist in time. Two
weeks and you haf been dead!"

"O, mercy, Kate, do you hear that?"

But Katie had left the room with her
handkerchief to her face, shaking con-
vulsively, but not with weeping we
fear.

Meanwhile Doctor Mohoc had pulled
a mysterious looking box from his pocket
and taking out ten peculiar beans, was
going over some monotonous chant in
a strange tongue, lifting each bean at
arms length, above his head, and return-
ing it to the box.

Kate slipped into the room again, and
watched the proceedings.

A must the doctor spoke:

"Here great charm, sure cure. Mad-
ame, must take beans every morning."

"All at once?" with a look of horror
she asked.

"No swallow," he said. "Every
morning take beans, go out into garden,
lay bean at foot of every tree and bush
on place. Do so every time lay bean,"
lifting both hands from his shoulder as
high as he could reach, "den when beans
all out, go back where you begin, and take
up same way, understand?"

"O, dear, it will kill me to do all that,"
sighed the invalid.

"Must do it or die. Sure charms. No
cure, no ask pay."

"But how often must I do this, doc-
tor?"

"Every day at six o'clock in morning
for two weeks."

"I just know it will kill me! My poor
back!"

"This chair no good," asserted the
doctor, "it kills you too. Must not use
easy chairs, always use hard chair; no
arms—no cushions. All spoil charm."

"But, doctor, I can't do without this
chair!" exclaimed the now horrified
woman.

"Must die sure if don't. Room too
hot, open windows, doors; get out in
sunshine then charm do good," and bas-
tily gathering hat and cane, Doctor Mo-
hoc departed abruptly.

The poor woman seemed deprived of
all strength at contemplating the new
regime laid down for her; but faith
works wonders and it is said that every-
body has some superstition. Mrs. Rich-
mond had her belief in charms, and this
alone caused her to try the strange pre-
scription.

It was hard at first, but after a few
trials she improved, and friends persua-
ded her that she was looking much better
and their kind flattery helped her.

In short, she continued her exercise
under Kate's training, until she found
it much nicer to be out and stirring than
moping in a warm room.

Her views of life generally, changed,
and when at the proper time, Kate ex-
posed the fraud successfully practiced,
her indignation was suppressed, and a
full pardon granted Dr. Harry Brooks,
with the possession of Kate's hand, and
she now considers him a wonderful
charm-ing doctor.

Are You Ready?

Rev. Dr. Kidd was a Scotch minister
of some prominence, and very eccentric,
and one who had his own ways of doing
things. One of his parishoners says:

"I was busy in my shop, when in the
midst of my work, in stepped the doctor.
"Did you expect me?" was his abrupt
inquiry, without even waiting for a
solution.

"No," was my reply.

"What if it had been death?" asked
he, when at once he stepped out as he
came, and was gone almost before I
knew it."

What a question! What a thought for
every one of us! Does not death come
to most, if not all as unexpectedly as
this? And does not the inquiry impress
the lesson from our Saviour's lips: "Be
ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye
think not the Son of Man cometh."

Mint to Girls.

We sometimes see ladies take particu-
lar pains to impress us with the idea of
their ignorance of all domestic matters,
save crochet and fancy work. By some
curious kind of hocus pocus, they have
got it into their heads that the best way
to get a husband is to show how profound-
ly capable they are of doing nothing for
his comfort. This may be a good bait
for certain kinds of fish, but they must
be of that kind usually found in shallow
water.